VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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POETRY.

HUNGER AND COLD.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Sisters two, all praise to you,
With your faces pinched and blue:
To the poor man ye've been true
From of old:
Ye can speak the keenest word,
Ye are are sure of being heard,
From the point ye're never stirred,
Hunger and Cold!

Let the statesman temporize;
Palsied are his shifts and lies
When they met your blood-shot eyes,
Grim and bold;
Policy ye set at naught,
In their traps ye'll be caught,
Ye're too honest to be bought,
Hunger and Cold!

Bolt and bar the palace door;
While the mass of men is poor
Naked truth grows more and more
Uncontrolled;
Ye had never yet, I guess,
Any praise for bashfulness,
Ye can visit sans court dress,
Hunger and Cold!

When the toilers heart ye clutch,
Conscience is not valued much,
He recks not a bloody smutch
On his gold;
Every thing to you defers,
Ye are potent reasoners,
At your whisper Treason stirs,
Hunger and Cold!

Rude comparisons ye draw,
Words refuse to state your maw,
Your gaunt limbs the cobweb law
Cannot hold;
Ye're not clogged with foolish pride,
But can seize a right denied,
Somehow God is on your side,
Hunger and Cold!

Ye respect no hoary wrong
More for having triumphed long;
Its past victims, haggard throng,
From the mould
Ye unbury; swords and spears
Weaker are than poor men's tears,
Weaker than your bitter jeers,
Hunger and Cold!

Let them guard both hall and bower;
Through the window ye will glower,
Patient till your reckoning hour
Shall be tolled;
Cheeks are pale, but hands are red,
Guiltless blood may chance be shed,
But ye must and will be fed,
Hunger and Cold!

God has plans man must not spoil,
Some were made to starve and toil,
Some to share the wine and oil,
We are told:
Devil's theories are these,
Shifting hope and love and peace,
Framed your hideous lust to please,
Hunger and Cold!

Scatter ashes on thy head,
Tears of burning sorrow shed,
Earth! and be by Pity led
To Love's fold;
Ere they block the very door
With lean corpses of the poor,
And will hush for naught but gore,—
Hunger and Cold!

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

A blind old beggar, with his hat in hand,
Neglected by the busy passers-by,
Noticed shily at a corner stand,
With moisture falling from his sightless eye.
A child came by—a laughing little creature
With joy and inocence in every feature,
Skipping forth gaily to an apple stand,
She saw the beggar and became less gay,
Then flung the bit of silver in her hand
Into the old man's hat, and ran away.

From the Western Literary Messenger.

MUSINGS.

The future—ah! who does not feel,
Oftimes, a longing wish to know
What will approaching years reveal,
As down time's rapid stream they flow.

And shall the hopes that, like a star,
Shed a glad light upon life's wave,
Lead me to Fame's triumphal car,
Or must I fill a nameless grave?

But cease thy sighing, restless soul!
Such hopes are but a meteor glare,
Oh, strive to reach a nobler goal,
And seek a loftier crown to wear.

The goal is HEAVEN—that crown is LIFE—
Eternal life—unending bliss!
And sure it is a nobler strife,
To aim for such a prize as this.

SELECTED TALES.

From the American Review.

THE DEATH OF WIND-FOOT.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

Three hundred years ago—so heard I the tale, not long since, from the mouth of one educated like a white man, but born of the race of whom Logan and Tecumseh sprang—three hundred years ago, there lived on lands now forming an eastern county of the most powerful of the American states, a petty Indian tribe governed by a brave and wise chieftian. This chieftian was called by a name which in our language signifies Unrelenting. His deeds of courage and subtelety made him renowed through no small portion of the nothern continent. There were only two dwellers in his lodge—himself and his youthful son; for twenty moons had fulled and waned since his wife, following four of her offspring, was placed in the burial ground.

As the Unrelenting sat alone one evening in his rude hut, one of his people came to inform him that a traveller from a distant tribe had entered the village, and desired food and repose. Such a petition was never slighted by the red man; and the messenger was sent back with an invitation for the stranger to abide in the lodge of the chief himself.—Among that simple race, no duties were considered more honorable than arranging the household comforts of a guest; those duties were now performed by the host's own hand, his son having not returned from the hunt on which he had started with a few young companions at early dawn. In a little while, the way-farer was led into the dwelling by him who had given the first notice of his arrival.

"You are welcome, my brother," said the Unrelenting.

The person to whom this kind salute was addressed was an athletic Indian, apparently of middle age, and habited in the scant attire of his species. He had the war-tuft on his forehead, under which flashed a pair of brilliant eyes. His rejoinder was friendly and brief.

"The chief's tent is lonesome—his people are away?" continued the stranger, after a pause, casting a glance of inquiry around.

"My brother says true that it is lonesome," the other answered. "Twelve seasons ago, the Unrelenting saw five children in the shadow of his wigwam, and their mother was dear to him. He was strong, like a cord of many fibres. Then the breath of Manito snapped the fibres one by one asunder. He looked with a pleasant eye on my sons and daughters, and wished them for himself. Behold all that is left to brighten my heart!"

The Unrelenting turned as he spoke, and pointed to an object just inside the opening of the tent.

A moment or two before, the figure of a boy had glided noiselessly in, and taken his station back of the chief. Hardly twelve years seemed the age of the new-comer. He was a noble child. His limbs, never distorted with the ligatures of civilized life, were graceful as the ash, and symmetrical and springy as the bounding stag's. It was the last and loveliest of the chieftian's sons—the soft-lipped, nimble Wind-Foot.

With the youth's assistance, the preparations for their frugal meal were soon completed. After finishing it, as the stranger appeared to be weary a heap of skins were arranged for him in one corner of the lodge, and he laid himself down to sleep.

It was a lovely summer evening. The moon shone, the stars twinkled, and the thousand voices of a forest night sounded in every direction. The chief and his son reclined at the opening of the tent, enjoying the cool breeze which blew freshly upon them, and flapped the piece of deer-hide that served for their door, sometimes flinging it down so as to darken the apartment, then raising it suddenly up again as if to let in the bright moonbeams.

Wind-Foot spoke of his hunt that day.—He had met with no success, and in a boy's impatient spirit, wondered why it was that others' arrows should hit the mark, and failure be reserved for him alone. The chief heard him with a sad smile, as he remembered his own youthful traits; he soothed the child with gentle words, telling him that brave warriors sometimes went whole days with the same prevorse fortune.

"Many years since," said the chief, "when my cheeks was soft, and my arms felt the numbness of but few winters, I myself, vainly traversed our hunting grounds, as you have done to-day. The Dark Influence was around me, and not a single shaft would do my bidding."

"And my father brought home nothing to the lodge?" asked the boy.

"The Unrelenting came back without any game," the other answered; "but he brought what was dearer to him and his people than the fattest deer or the sweetest bird-meat—he brought the scalp of an accursed Kansi!"

The voice of the chief was deep and sharp in its tone of hatred.

"Will my father," said Wind-Foot, "tell—"

The child started, and paused. An exclamation, a sudden guttural noise, came from that part of the tent where the stranger was sleeping. The dry skins which formed the bed rustled, as if he who lay there was changing his position, and then all continued silent. The Unrelenting proceeded in a lower tone, fearful that they had almost broken the slumber of their guest

"Listen," said he: "you know a part, but not all the cause of hatred there is between our nation and the abhorred enemies whose name I mentioned. Longer back than I can remember, they did mortal wrong to your fathers.—The scalps of two of your nearest kindred hang in Kansi lodges, and I have sworn, my son, to bear them a never-ending hatred.

"On the morning of which I spoke, I started with fresh limbs and a light heart to search for game. Hour after hour, I roamed the forest with no success, and at the setting of the sun, I found myself weary and many miles from my father's lodge. I laid down at the foot of a tree, and sleep came over me. In the depth of the night, a voice seemed whispering in my ears; it called me to rise quickly—to look around. I started to my feet, and found no one there but myself; then I knew that the Dream Spirit had been with me. As I cast my eyes about me in the gloom, I saw a distant brightness. Treading softly, I approached. The light was that of a fire, and by the fire lay two sleeping figures. O, I laughed the quiet laugh of a deathly mind, as I saw who they were—a Kansi warrior, and a child, like you, my son, in age. I crept toward them as the snake crawls through the grass. I bent over the slumbering boy; I raised my weapon to strike. But I thought that were they both slain no one would carry the tale to the Kansi tribe. My vengeance would be tasteless to me if they knew it not—and I spared the child. Then I glided to the other: his face was of the same cast as the first, which gladdened me, for then I knew they were of close kindred. I raised my arm—I gathered my strength—I struck, and cleft the warrior's brain in quivering halves!"

The chief had gradually wrought himself up to a pitch of loudness and rage, and his hoarse tones at the last part of his narration rang choakingly through the lodge.

At that moment, the deer-hide curtain kept all within in darkness; the next, it was lifted up, and a flood of the moonlight filled the apartment. A startling sight was back there, then! The strange Indian was sitting up on his couch, his distorted features glaring toward the unconcious ones in front, with a look like that of Satan to his antagonist angel. His lips were parted, his teeth clenched, his arm raised, and his hand doubled—every nerve and sinew in bold relief. This spectacle of fear lasted only for a moment; the Indian at once sank noiselessly back and lay with the skins wrapped round him as before.

It was now an advanced hour of the night. Wind-Foot felt exhausted by his day's travel; the father and son arose from their seat at the door, and retired to rest. In a little while, all was silence in the tent; but from the darkness which surrounded the bed of the stranger, flashed two fiery orbs, rolling about incessantly like the eyes of an angry wild beast. The lids of those orbs closed not in slumber during the night.

Among the former inhabitants of this continent, it was considered rudeness, of the highest degree, to annoy a traveller or a guest with questions about himself, his last abode or his future destination. Until he saw fit to go, he was made welcome to stay, whether for a short time or a long one. Thus on the morrow, when the strange Indian shewed no signs of departing, the chief expressed not the least surprise, but felt indeed a compliment indirectly paid to his powers of entertainment.

Early the succeeding day, the Unrelenting called his son to him, while the stranger was standing at the tent door. He told Wind-Foot that he was going on a short journey, to perform which and return, would probably take him till night-fall. He enjoined the boy to remit no duties of hospitality toward his guest, and bade him be ready at evening with a welcome for his father.

The sun had marked the middle of the afternoon—when the chief, finishing what he had to do sooner than he expected, came back to his own dwelling, and threw himself on the floor to obtain rest, for the day though pleasant, had been a warm one. Wind-Foot was not there, and after a little interval he stepped to a lodge near by to make inquiry after him.

"The young brave," said a woman, who appeared to answer his questions, "went away with the chief's strange guest many hours since."

The Unrelenting turned to go back to his tent.

"I cannot tell the meaning of it," said, the woman. "But he of the fiery eye, bade me, should the father of Wind-Foot ask about him, say to the chief these words, "Unless your foe sees you drink, his blood loses more than half its sweetness!""

The Unrelenting started as if a scorpion had stung him. His lip trembled, and his hand involuntarily moved to the handle of his tomahawk. Did his ears perform their office truly? Those sounds were not new to him. Like a floating mist, the gloom of past years rolled away in his memory, and he recollected that the words the woman spake were the very ones he himself had uttered to the Kansi child whose father he slew long, long ago, in the forest! And this stranger? Ah, now he saw it all. He remembered the dark looks of his guest—and carrying his mind back again, traced the features of the Kansi in their matured counterpart. And the chief felt too concious for what terrible purpose Wind-Foot was in the hands of this man. He sallied forth, gathered together a few of his warriors, and started swiftly to seek his child.

About the same hour that the Unrelenting returned from his journey, Wind-foot, several miles from home, was just coming up to his companion, who had gone a few rods ahead of him, and was at that moment seated on the body of a fallen tree, a mighty giant of the forest that some whirlwind had tumbled to the earth. The child had roamed about with his new acquaintance through one path and another with the heedlessness of his age; and now while the latter sat in perfect silence for several minutes, Wind-foot idly sported near him. It was a solemn spot; in every direction around were towering patriarchs of the wilderness, growing and decaying in solitude. At length the stranger spoke:

"Wind-foot!"

The child, who was but a few yards off, approached at the call. As he came near, he stopped in alarm; his companion's eyes had that dreadful bright glitter again—and while they looked at each other, terrible forebodings arose in the boy's soul.

"Young chieftian," said the stranger, "you must die!"

"The brave is in play," was the response, "Wind-Foot is a little boy."

"Serpents are small at first," replied the savage, "but in a few moons they have fangs and a deadly poison. Hearken, branch from an evil root!—I am a Kansi!—The youth your parent spared in the forest has now become a man. Warriors point to him and say "His father's scalp adorns the lodge of the Unrelenting, but the wigwam of the Kansi is bare!"—Wind-Foot! it must be bare no longer!"

The boy's heart beat quickly—but beat true to the stern courage of his ancestors.

"I am the son of a chief," he answered, "my cheeks cannot be wet with tears."

The Kansi looked at him a few seconds with admiration, which soon gave way to malignant scowls. Then producing from an inner part of his dress a withe of some tough bark, he stepped to Wind-Foot, and began binding his hands. It was useless to attempt resistence, for besides the disparity of their strength, the boy was unarmed, while the savage had at his waist a hatchet, and a rude stone weapon resembling a poinard. He pointed to Wind-foot the direction he must take, gave a significant touch at his girdle, and followed close on behind.

When the Unrelenting and his people started to seek for the child and that fearfull stranger, they were lucky enough to find the trail which the absent ones had made. None except an Indian's eye could have tracked them by so slight and devious a guide. But the chief's sight was sharp with paternal love; they followed on—winding, and on again—at length coming to the fallen tree. The train was now less irregular, and they traversed it with greater rapidity. Its direction seemed toward the shores of a long narrow lake which lay adjacent to their territory. Onward went they, and as the sun sunk in the west, they saw his last flitting gleams reflected from the waters of the lake. The grounds here were almost clear of trees; and as they came out, the Unrelenting and his warriors swept the the range with their keen eyes.

Was it so indeed?—There, on the grass not twenty rods from the shore, were the persons they sought—and fastened near by was a canoe. They saw from his position that the captive was bound; they saw too, that if the Kansi should once get him in the boat, and gain a start for the opposite side, where very likely some of his tribe were waiting for him, release would be almost impossible. For a moment only they paused. Then the Unrelenting sprang off, uttering the battle cry of his tribe, and the rest joined in the terrible chorus and followed him.

As the sudden sound was swept along by the breeze to the Kansi's ear, he jumped to his feet and with that wonderful self-possession which distinguishes his species, determined at once what was safest and surest for him to do. He seized Wind-Foot by the shoulder, and ran toward the boat, holding the boy's person as a shield from any weapons the pursuers might attempt to launch after him. He possessed still the advantage. It was a fearful race; and the Unrelenting felt his heart grow sick, as the Indian, dragging his child, approached nearer to the water's edge.

"Turn, whelp of a Kansi!" the chief madly cried. "Turn, thou whose coward arm warrest against children! Turn, if thou darest—and meet the eye of a full-grown brave!"

A loud taunting laugh was borne back from his flying enemy to the ears of the furious father. The savage did not look round, but twisted his left arm, and pointed with his finger to Wind-Foot's throat. At that moment, he was within twice his length of the canoe. The boy heard his father's voice, and gathered his energies, faint and bruised as he was for a last struggle. Vain his efforts! for a moment only he loosened himself from the grip of his foe, and fell upon the ground. That moment, however, was a fatal one to the Kansi. With the speed of lightning the chief's bow was at his shoulder—the cord twanged sharply—and a poisen-tipped arrow sped through the air. Faithful to its mission, it cleft the Indian's side, just as he was stooping to lift Wind-Foot in the boat. He gave a wild shriek; his blood spouted from the wound, and he staggered down upon the sand. His strength, however was not yet gone.—Hate and measurless revenge—the stronger that they were baffled—raged within him, and shot through his eyes, glassy as they were beginning to be with death damps. Twisting his body like a bruised snake, he worked himself close up to the bandaged Wind-Foot.—He felt to his waistband, and drew forth the weapon of stone. He laughed a laugh of horrid triumph—he shouted aloud—he raised the weapon in the air—and just as the death rattle sounded in his throat, the instrument (the shuddering eyes of the child saw it, and shut their lids in intense agony,) came down, driven too surely to the heart of the hapless boy.

When the Unrelenting came up to his son, the last signs of life were fading in the boy's countenance. His eyes opened and turned to the chief; his beautiful lips parted in a smile, the last effort of expiring fondness. On his features flitted a lovely look, transient as the ripple athwart the wave, a slight tremor shook him, and the next minute Wind-Foot was dead.

THE SAILOR AND HIS BRIDE.—The Boston Transcript tells a good story in which a venerable and lamented pastor of a Baptist church and an honest Jack Tar and his wife were the principle actors. The sailor with his chosen partner went to the house of Dr. —— to be married, and were accordingly "made one" with all the solemnity proper to the occasion. At the conclusion of the service, Jack told the Dr. that he understood that seventy-five cents was the lawful fee, but that as he hadn't a brass cent to bless himself with, he should defer payment to a more convenient opportunity, adding a promise that he would honestly pay the minister, with one proviso—that if his wife proved to be a good woman and a true helpmeet, he should reward him generously for the '*splicing*,' but if she turned out "to be good for nothing," the minister would not hear from him again. Dr. —— was so much pleased with the straightforward manner of the tar that he drank his health and that of his bride in a glass of wine, and saw them depart with a fatherly blessing. Time passed away, and the Dr. had almost forgotten the circumstance of the wedding, when one day a cart was seen to stop before his door, and a man began to unload and deposit in his house a whole cargo of lemons and oranges. The Dr. had not ordered the fruit, and he forthwith proceeded to stop the process of delivery. The man affirmed that all was right; but when the Dr. persisted that there must be a mistake, the man asked him if he remembered having married such a couple at such a time. The question renewed the good Dr.'s recollection, and he at once knew that the honest tar himself stood before him. "It is all right," said the sailor, "I told you if my wife proved good for any thing, I would not forget you. She has proved as good a ship as ever put out on sea of matrimony. You may as well take in the cargo, and save your thanks for the sailors wife."

Evils in the journey of life, are like the hills which alarm travellers upon the road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

In order to love mankind—expect but little from them; in order to view their faults without bitterness, we must accustom ourselves to pardon them, and perceive that indulgence is a justice which frail humanity has a right to demand from wisdom.

ASKING LEAVE TO TOIL.

HONORED SIR:—Hoping that you will be pleased to pardon the boldness of a poor man who wants to keep his wife and children, I take up my pen to write. And, honored sir, I hope you will forgive me, if I say I feel a little happy that I am able to put a few words to paper,—it being a sort of comfort to a man, howsoever poor he may be.

My boldness. honored sir, is this. It is, under your favor and consideration, to ask of your kindness, to let me have an acre of land: or if I am too bold in asking a whole acre, half or quarter of the same. I know that it may be thought high and daring in me, to ask for such a favor, seeing that your estates are let out in large farms. It is, perhaps, a presumption and—as I've been told—a sort of flying in the face of property, for a man who isn't rich enough to farm a thousand acres; who hasn't money enough for cattle and bone-dus, and all that—to think of having a little slice of land, just to grow a few things on for himself and children, land only being for them who can have a lot of it, or none. Nevertheless, sir, I hope for your kindness. I've been all along used to go to church, and though I hope I may be forgiven for it, I have not been these two months. seeing that my clothes are all in such rags that, as one of the church-wardens told me, they were quite a disgrace to a respectable congregation. Well sir I used to go to church, but I never heard, there whether the Garden of Eden was twenty thousand acres or not—perhaps the gentlemen who set their faces against small atonements, know it to have been a large farm indeed, and so think they have religion on their side, when they refuse a poor man a little patch for his own spade. I know that it was made a part of the punishment of sin—a part of the curse of heaven—that man should eat his bread in the sweat of his face. That, however wicked he may have been, he should not on his own account be suffered to eat his bread at all, does seem to me—and my heart is so full, I can't help saying it—very like a curse coming from the other place. I suppose, too, they who eat their bread from the sweat of other people, have never sinned at all. I hope, honored sir, you will forgive these words; but my pen runs away with me, like.

When I ask, honored, sir, for this bit of land, I mean, of course, to pay the very highest price you can get for it. I know that land let out in little bits is always made to fetch more than when let by the lump. This, of course, the poor must expect. It is so in all things. My wife gives for her bit of soap and candle, (when she can buy it,) more for my bit of 'bacco, than if we could buy such things by the pound, like respectable people. And it isn't to be expected that a great landlord, even though he may be a duke to boot, will do otherwise than the keeper of a chandler's shop.—No, sir, though my neighbors say that 'I'm a bold fellow, and have strange nonsense running in my head, I don't expect *that*.

If people weren't so foolish as to think otherwis, there would never have been such a noise about a gentleman who said, "if he let a lug of land for fivepence when he could get eightpence for it, he shyuld be giving away threepence to the tenant." The gentleman only said what was true; the gentleman only said what nearly all the world do with one another every day of their lives. I was reading in a London newspaper that was lent me a day or two ago, where all sorts of things were advertised to be sold one under the other; coats and waistcoats, and trousers for almost no money at all. Well, the people who buy 'em say it's no business of theirs how the things are made; that's not their concern—all they want, as a duty to themselves and families, is to get a cheap penn'orth; as it were to wrap themselves comfortably up in a bargain and then go with their prayer-books to church to show it. If we could ever think that the time would come when folks wouldn't bargain with folks, as though because they'd money to buy, they'd eat their fellow-creatures up—if it isn't, indeed, bold in me to say fellow-creatures—if we could ever hope for such a time, why, sir, then this world would be much nearer heaven than, perhaps, poor men have right to expect. And yet, sir, church has puzzled me now and then. When the parson has told us that we are all made of earth, I have, I own it, now and then, looked into a fine pew or two, add—if it's a sin, I hope I may be pardoned for it—and I have sometimes doubted it. To be sure, soil is so different; the better sort of folks may be the rich and loamy; and the poor, the cold stiff clay, only fit for draining.

Still, sir, folks say that things are brightening up for the poor. There are a good many signs of it. Only last autumn, I'm told, three real lords played at cricket somewhere with some shop keepers. A man in our village—who's reckoned to know something—has said it isn't unlikely that in less than twenty years a squire may now and then join in quoits or foot-ball with day-laborers. If ever this should come to pass, it must lead to good things.—For of course the matter won't stop there.—The squire, after making so familiar, will look in at the men's houses; will talk with their wives and little ones about their food, and their clothes, and such like—giving them a kind word and a helping hand when they want it. This, of course, will come of the matter; otherwise, for my part, I don't see such very great good in it. Politeness is a nice thing, and some times warms a poor man's heart more than he can tell it; but politeness itself won't put a 'tato on the plate when there isn't one. Folks can't eat quoits and foot-balls.

And now, sir, I hope you will be so good as to let me have this bit of land. It will, I feel make quite a man of me. Yes, sir, I mean that word and no other. As it is, sir—I don't know how it can be—but somehow at times I don't feel a man at all. I seem as if I'd no business in the world; as if I was a sort of a toad or slug upon the soil; an interloper on the land, having no right even to make a foot-mark in it. The sun doesn't seem to shine for me—nor the wheat to shoot—nor the hedge-flowers to blow. I feel sometimes as if poverty in this world was made the mark of Cain. and was upon me'; with this hard difference, too, that any man might smite me for it.

And then, sir, the temptations that by and run about one! I mean the game, sir. Many a time, when I've heard the pheasant crow, it has somehow sounded—though not a bit like it—like one of my children crying for food, and then for a minute my brain has been in a blaze, and I'd have done anything. When things are at the worst, and starvation is for days in my cupboard, the devil—or something like him—has sent the hares running about me, as though on purpose to be knocked down with a stick. It's a hard matter, sir, to keep one's hands off a dinner running at one's feet—a dinner that it's hard to think belongs to any body in particular.

And therefore, honored sir, I do hope for a bit of land. If it's no bigger, one may say, than a lark's turf, like the lark I know I can whistle upon it and be happy. And so, honored sir, asking your pardon for my boldness, as a poor man, in thinking of such a thing,

I remain yours humbly to command,

ABEL WEED.

The Landlord's Answer

ABEL WEED,—Had you known anything of the true priciples of political economy, you would never have written such a letter to me, a land owner. Know, that it is much better for you that you should not have even a quarter of an acre—that it is for the social good of all, that you should remain as you are.

THEOPILUS CANAAN, Bart.

A HARD CASE.

An incident occurred not long since in one of the respectable quiet streets of our city, which at any time would have been considered frightful, but which in these temperance days is indeed most passing strange. A young man whose father dying a few years since, left him a fortune of $30,000, was seen to drive up to the residence of his family in a cab, so beastly intoxicated, so awful in appearance, as to strike every one with abhorrence. He was without hat or coat, and the rest of his scanty clothing was torn to pieces and covered with dirt, while from the frightful gashes on his head, the blood streaming down over his face a spectacle of horror! Such a spectacle!—Such an object! to present itself on the Sabboth day at the house of a mother! And this is a wine-drinker, one who we doubt not has always been a strenuous advocate for "an occasional glass"—that occasional glass which is the source and origin of all the damning evils that bloated drunkenness accumulates upon its head. This young gentleman, not yet twenty three years of age thus attired in his tattered and bloody habiliments, pitched from the cab to the pavement, and then staggered up the steps that led to his mother's dwelling. What a bitter, cruel outrage! But fortunately that poor mother was spared the appalling exhibition. The family had just gone to church, and the son was denied admittance by the servants. This refusal enraged the drunkard, who in attempting to force the shutters, raised one by the hinge which then fell upon him heavily, wounding and prostrating him on the pavement, from whence he was taken into the house and subsequently removed to the hospital. This really frightful scene was witnessed by a crowd of several hundred persons, drawn together by the ravings of the drunken madman. His history, brilliant, brief, and sad, should furnish a powerful lesson to the gentlemanly young topers who are so conceitedly following in the same path.—*Philadelphia Museum.*

THOMAS W. DORR is released from the Rhode Island dungeon. I am sincerely rejoiced at it. It was a tyrant confinement.—And the release shows that the humanity of the people is getting an influence that goes through dungeon walls. I care nothing for the politics of the two parties—only, I think the "Law and Order" Party the most tyrannical of the two—and against them, I hope the others will succeed. I am glad that Dorr is out of prison, and I hope he will never take the oath of allegiance. He will be man enough without any of their franchises. Let him now go for a broader liberty than can be won or lost by Rhode Island cannon.—*The Herald of Freedom.*

On Saturday evening at Woonsocket Falls, in firing cannon in commemoration of the release of Thomas W. Dorr, by mismanagement in loading a discharge took place before the ram rod was withdrawn, by which two men were seriously injured—one of them, a young man by the name of Briggs, died on Sunday morning.—*Prov. Journal.*

MR. EDITOR:—Below I have penned a few remarks in relation to the Navy, which if you deem worthy, I hope you will insert in the "Voice." R

THE U. S. NAVY.

Next to the slave system, I think I may safely say, and that too, without exaggerating in the minutest point of view. That there is no institution of the U. S. Government so unparalleled in sin and wickedness as its navy; called the right arm of its defence. And I think there is no institution attended with as much expense, and as little benefit; and as much injury to the morals and the pecuniary interest of the country at large, as its navy.—Millions of dollars are annually drained from the pockets of the poor laborers, and are expended in supporting one of the foulest and blackest institutions of cruelty and wickedness that ever cursed the American nation.

I say the hard earned wages of northern industry are squandered away by Congress in supporting a lawless, unprincipled set of pro-slavery aristocrats, of wealthy and influential parents! who have been educated from their cradles to believe that man is to be classed with brutes, if he is not possesed of a fortune sufficient to support him without labor. I mean its officers, who are allowed by Congress to take the law into their own hands, and use it at their own discretion. Yet some will say that the navy is indispensable in supporting and defending the liberty of our Country. I think if they would say that it is indispensable in perpetuating the tyranny that so much predominates over liberty, it would sound a little more consistant.

Must twelve thousand seamen be kept in slavery in order to support the Government? if so, then let it fall. If it is based on such weak principles as to require such a tyrannical institution as the navy to keep it from falling, then the sooner it falls the better. It was only winter before last, that a bill came before Congress, praying that the liquor ration and corporeal punishment might be abolished, and it was voted down to a great majority. Now, I ask, what justice is there in this? placing a temptation before them, and then whipping them like brutes for yielding to it? I do not scruple to say, that two thirds of the punishments that are inflicted on our seamen by the officers, if traced back, the blame would come on the officers themselves; for their haughty contemptible treatment towards the sailors. They will irritate them until their animal passions become excited, and heated up to such a pitch, that they can no longer contain themselves, and consequently break out in disrespectful language, (as the officers term it,) for which they are brutally flogged, while the officer, who is the means of it all, is allowed to go unpunished. Now, are such laws, and such treatment right? Is it doing as we would be done by? Are they justified in the sight of heaven? I know that every individual who has the feelings of a man, will say that they are not. Go on board of those boating dens of sin when the boatswain's call summons all hands to witness punishment, and there see your fellow man, brought the to gangway, stripped to the bare back; his feet held to the deck by four thirty-two pound shot; his arms extended, and lashed to the bulwark, and there, almost at the base of Bunker Hill Monument; with his locks floating in the breeze, and freedoms ensign waving o'er his head, he is flogged with the cat o' nine tails, swung by the strong muscular arm of the boatswain's mate, until the blood flows freely from his lacerated back.

Such a system should be treated with scorn and disgust, by every friend of humanity.—And I for one, will gladly hail the time with joy when that rotten institution, as well as the army, and every other institution that tends to pervert and crush mankind, not only in this country, but throughout the world, shall cease to exist.

For the Voice of Industry.

BEWARE OF IMPOSITION.

MR. EDITOR:—It is indeed truly astonishing to look around, and see the imposition that is practiced in the almost innumerable ways upon the people of this country, and indeed of every country. It seems as though every man was studying to find the most ways to deceive, and impose upon his fellow man. Go where you will, you will find deception has been there before you. Among the blood-thirsty Canibals of the Fegee Islands—the wild Indian of the forest—and even among the (so called) free and enlightened people of our own country; we find that deception and imposition has been, and is now continually practiced.

But probably none are more noted for the *variety* and *ingenuity* of their tricks than the New England Yankee.

Passing by Wooden Nutmegs, Vegetable Pills, Hard Coal Indigo, and a great variety of Yankee impositions, we would particularly notice that practiced by a certain class of persons calling themselves agents. These persons procure samples of different papers and Magazines, as the case may be, and go about the country, pretending to be agents for the work they show. Many have written agencies, signed (ficticiously) by the proprietors of the periodicals they carry. These they show, and many, believing them to be honest, subscribe their names, pay the money in advance and that is the last they see of either agent, money or paper. This kind of imposition has for the last few years, been extensively carried on in the New England States.—The consequence is, people have learned to look upon every one so equipped as imposters; and of late, it has become so common, that people who have been so imposed upon, have become almost enraged; and real agents are sometimes almost inclined to believe that they are not treated with decency. The blame of course cannot be laid to the people; it is these mean pretending agents, who should be made to suffer to the full extent of the law for swindling people out of their hard earnings.

This is probably as much of an injury to the publisher as to the people; for oftentimes the people think the fault is with the publishers, for not advertising, and cautioning them against these imposters. As it is, we think that nearly all publications have too many agents; and if *we* were to give *our* advice, we would say, let every paper or periodical have few, and continually advertise their agents; for certain it is, that if something is not done to prevent this imposition, many a well conducted, and valuable print will suffer for want of patronage. We have visited several places within a few weeks, which have been swindled out of from ten to forty dollars each, by these miserable pretenders.

We have also known several worthy, honest, young men who have taken agencies for publications, travelled a short time and given it up; because, people who otherwise would, did not subscribe, for fear of imposition.

To add to the rest, several new publications have started, sent out their agents, enjoyed a short life and died; and those who paid in advance, were of course sufferers. Several among the rest, calling themselves the friends of the laborer, and the working men's advocate have started; many a hard laboring man has paid his dollar, perhaps received a few papers, and perhaps not, and probably the next he hears is, that it has run down. Thus has the confidence of the people been destroyed; supicion, and oftentimes disgust takes its place. But as I have already trespassed to much upon your paper, I close, by hoping that the *Voice*, if no other will be so conducted as to gain, and continue the confidence, esteem and patronage of all true workingmen, and lovers of truth.

G. W. C.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor for.—The abolition of idleness want and oppression; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1845.

TO THE WORKING PEOPLE AND THEIR FRIENDS OF NEW-ENGLAND.—We ask your attention for the last time, at present, to the pecuniary concerns of our paper; hoping that our call, will not fall upon indifferent ears, or be read with neglect and forgetfulness.

As we stated in our introductory address, our object in bringing into existence and continuing the "*Voice of Industry*," never was prompted by any desire of personal aggrandizement, or self-emolument; but a sincere regard for the best possible good of the class whose true interests it advocates, and a heartfelt wish to promote the great principles of universal love, charity, good-will, *just, equal* and *productive industry* among mankind. As we aproximate towards such a state of society, will our country and world be blest, our race enjoy the happiness their natures crave, and the fruits of our labor yield rational pleasure and a christian satisfaction? To bring about so desirable a state of things, we must use *means*—means adapted to the object we wish to accomplish—and what is more potent and effectual in all great warfares than the PRESS?

The press is the great engine which moves the mental, political and religious world. It has scattered abroad destruction, blight and mildew, and it has borne the balm "for the healing of the people." There is no way by which mind will act upon mind and community with so great facility and power as through the medium of the press. Politicians, sectarians and the various agitators and reformers of the day, are well aware of this fact, and consequently the press is their favorite resort, through which they can reach and elicit the attention of the people. Therefore we call upon the working people to rally around the press—not because we are publishing a workingman's paper, but because it is the most efficient means within your power to protect your rights, throw off the incubus of unjust servitude which is fast weighing you down, and of elevating your condition, as moral, physical and intellectual beings—through the press let your voices be heard, throughout the land on all questions, which affect your well-being, and in this way exert the influence which your stations demand, instead of remaining silent sinecures, while avarice and unholy power are doing their deeds of darkness, or using you as dupes to accomplish their favorite ends.

The "*Voice of Industry*" has now reached its eighth number and its reception has been all we could expect, for a workingman's paper. We have no high sounding boasts to make or visionary anticipations to cherish, but to all who have seen the *Voice*, it will *speak* for itself; and to all others interested for its prosperity, and the success of the cause in which we are engaged—we say earnestly and hopefully, *give us your aid*, promising that it shall be what it has been, (so long as it remains in our charge,) open, frank and fearless, and if it should receive that support which a workingman's paper ought to receive—which we confidently believe ~~it will~~—it shall be made all its readers can ask for or require.

The great mission of the Voice upon the sea of public existence, is to oppose the many grievous evils which afflict the working classes and to do battle with the great flood of error, which is overwhelming our land and the world, swallowing up the happiness of our people and reducing a large portion of workingmen and women to slaves, surfs and drudges, while a few rule and roll in unsatisfying degrading luxury. We shall also give our readers a variety of miscellaneous matter, news items, statistical and such other information as will interest, inform and be of value to our working friends in all conditions or circumstances, always evading that which tends to corrupt and viciate the public mind. We also contemplate as soon as sufficient encouragement is given of devoting a portion of our paper to scientific information respecting the various arts and trades, their rise, progress and numerous improvements—the best means of sustaining and protecting them, which cannot fail to elicit the attention of the mechanic, artisan, farmer and all other sons and daughters of industry. Now when it is recollected that we are all workingmen, who earn our substance by our daily toil; the importance of our receiving the aid and support of our brother workingmen and all interested in the just distribution of earth's blessings becomes very apparent. If the workingmen of New England expect to accomplish anything in the work which they have begun, they must sustain papers, devoted to their cause—papers that can and will speak out freely, fearlessly, and untrammelled—papers devoted from noble principle to justice and the good of man. To this subject, we seriously call your attention—as you value your rights, and as you regard the good of your fellows and posterity so may you act. If the "*Voice of Industry*" is what you want, give it your *cheerful* and *hearty* support;—if not will you enable us, to make it so? We ask the attention of the christian and philanthropist to our enterprise. Can you expect to improve the moral and religious condition of the world and elevate mankind, while a large portion are grovelling in poverty and dependence, their physical and temporal rights disregarded and trampled upon and their natures violated and degraded? Can men become christians and moralists, while their instatiate love of power and wealth overrules and stifles all their regard for the laws of God and their neighbors? We ask the statesman if he can expect to see a happy, virtuous, republican and an intelligent nation, where men are slaves to wealth and factional usurpations? where money buys power, office, respectability and servile obedience, and honest poverty is scorned and loaded with contempt? If so let us go on with our system of plunder and at the present rate, our nation will soon be a republican paradise, and our people fit subjects for heavenly rest; but if otherwise, let us stop and consider our condition and future destiny. To the workingmen who have thus far stood by us (among whom are some generous souls,) we tender our heartfelt thanks, hoping they will continue firm and stout hearted in the great battle for equal and just rights, and if consistent with their circumstances, give us farther aid and support. And to all our patrons, without distinction of party, condition, sex, or color, we render due acknowledgments for their favors, and ask a continuation of the same, trusting their influence will be exerted in circulating *their* paper (*the Voice*) throughout the New England States, that it may prove an able champion of the workingmen's rights, unawed by the fear of proscription and independant of the powers that would gladly seek its destruction.

☞ We would inform the editor of the *Sentinel*, who is not altogether culpable for the bad use he has made of his *one idea*, that we shall so far depart from his *worthy example*, as to refuse being drawn into a low personal controversy, both unprofitable and dishonorable.

Our time and paper are too valuable to be wasted in answering articles so devoid of sense and wit as have graced the editorial corner of that paper for the last two weeks. In noticing the "*legal suasion*" article from the *Sentinel*, we made no attack whatever, farther than principle demanded. We simply exposed the error he was cramming down the people in true "*legal suasion*" style, and palming it off for genuine temperance. In return for this we were assailed with a charge of fourth rate blackguardism, which should shame any man, especially one who claims for himself so much *decency*. Our remarks last week, were purely out of good will; hoping that we might raise the dictionary editor's self respect, and show him the littleness he had been guilty of.

With regard to the "*first and second paragraphs*," we advise the Sentinel to take one more look into the lexicon, and if he reads *understandingly*, he will discover that *great men* are liable to err.

We hope if the Sentinel has any regard for his *high* standing and the feelings of his friends, he never will be caught again in such a hair-splitting trick, so humiliating in its results. Should the Sentinel, or any of his *assistants* wish to discuss the merits of "*legal suasion*" openly, and frankly, as it becomes *men* worthy the name, our columns are ready and we have some facts relative to the rum traffic in Fitchburg, that might prove quite *interesting* to the editor and his friends which we should deem proper to adduce in such an event.

In our paper this week, will be found a series of resolutions from the Workingmen's Association at South Boston, which breathe a rare degree of moral courage and unwavering regard for the great reform in which they are engaged. While spending an evening with them a short time since, we were much gratified to find such an unusual amount of deep felt interest, well grounded principle and philosophical reasoning. South Boston has many strong minds and feeling hearts; let other Associations try to imitate their commendable zeal.

The following spirited call for a workingman's meeting in N. York City, will be read with interest.

MECHANICS, LABORERS, AND USEFUL PERSONS.

These things are facts. In the city of N. York are 65,000 paupers, that is one-seventh of the entire population; in the State one in 17 is a pauper, and ratios, in city and county, are increasing year by year. The compensation for labor is steadily sinking, until thousands are now reduced to the starvation point. Labor and laborer—it is useless to deny it—are, in this Republican country even, subject to a subtle, indirect slavery, rarely acknowledged, but everywhere felt. And in this respect the white laborer of the north is in a worse state than *slave* of the south, for while the condition of the slave remains pretty much the same from year to year, that of the supposed free man is growing constantly worse. Is there under heaven any help for this? Who dares to doubt it?

Therefore we, a committee appointed at the General Meeting of the Trades and Useful Classes, held at National Hall on the evening of the 6th of June, do invite all persons of whatever description, but especially all working men, to assemble at Croton Hall, head of Chatham square, on Wednesday evening next July 16, at half-past seven o'clock, when and where we propose to report to them the result of our labors.

Ira B. Davis, carpenter; G. H. Evans, printer; A. E. Bovay, teacher; Wm. Wilson, saddler; John Gould, cigar maker; T. A. Devyr, editor; Henry Beeny, shoemaker; Ransom Smith, clockmaker; J. D. Pearson, cabinet maker; J. Spencer, tailor; John Commerford, chair maker; Robert Beatty, bookbinder; Albert G. Rudolph, cooper; Dr. Newberry, physician; Jesse Ferguson, blacksmith; Samuel Janes, granite cutter; James Stewart, locksmith; John Cann, silversmith; John Sherlock, iron rail maker; Charles Holden, piano forte maker; Henry Hughes, bricklayer; George Oaks, painter; John R. Smith, scene painter; James Maxwell machinist.

Remember, rents are going up, and wages are going down: we believe we have discovered the cause and the cure. Come.

Another Causality.—A man by the name of James Vinal, a master stone-mason upon the Town House, fell from the upper staging of the same on Monday last, a distance of some 30 or 40 feet, upon the curb stones below, fracturing his skull and otherwise severely injuring him. He was engaged in setting the caps upon the House windows, and one of the large stone caps that was being hoisted to its place by the derrick, fell upon the staging upon which Vinal was standing, superintending the operation, precipitating him amid the falling plank and brick, upon the stones below.—*Manchester Democrat.*

A severe thunder storm visited Lowell yesterday afternoon, and continued for some time over an hour. A young man by the name of Parker, in the employment of Samuel Lawrence, about his residence on Belvidere hill, was instantly killed while at work in a field. Two others were at work with him, and were both knocked down, but not injured. A house was struck on Lewis street, and another on Alden street, which latter was very badly shattered, and a young girl in it so severely stunned as to render her recovery yet doubtful.—*Boston Bee.*

☞ Among the many toasts at the Nashua celebration, we find the following, which display an eminent degree of *Post Office* courage, and *gun-powder patriotism.*

By C. P. Danforth, Esq.

The British Lion—Should he our soil invade,
To usurp the laws which we have made,
The noble Eagle—every yankee's pride,
Would pick out his eyes, and tear off his hide.
Oh, don't!

By Capt. D. M. Fiske.—Old Rogers, the editor of the Herald of the Devil at Concord, and those who adhere to his measures and support his principles,—May they be compelled like Nebuchadnezzar to eat grass till their hearts are changed, and all men enjoy republican liberty.

We should think by the above, that the Captains prolific imagination might have concocted the following:

Confusion to the Tories—May their hearts melt and run into cucumbers, and the devil bite off the bitter end—so help me God.

☞ The following from the pen of Miss S. G. Bagley, and published in the Lowell Advertiser, was called forth in reply to a statement of Miss Farleys,' editress of the Lowell Offering, which appeared in the Courier, reflecting somewhat upon Miss Bagley's remarks at Woburn on the fourth. We had the pleasure of listening to Miss Bagley's remarks at Woburn, and can testify that she spoke in kind and courteous terms of the present editress—brought no charge whatever against the Offering, farther than it was controlled by corporation influences—stated that she had written articles for the Offering, which were rejected because they spoke of *Factory girls wrongs*—but by whom rejected she did not inform us—nor was it the least consequence whether by Miss Farley or some of her predecessors, as it was the general character of the Offering that she wished to illustrate.

We hold the literary merits of the Offering in high esteem—it reflects much honor upon its talented conductors—but still we were pleased to hear this exposition in relation to its true character and standing. It is, and always has been under the fostering care of the Lowell Corporations, as a literary repository for the mental gems of those operatives who have ability, time and inclination to write—and the tendency of it ever has been to varnish over the evils, wrongs, and privations of a factory life. This is *undeniable*, and we wish to have the Offering stand upon its own bottom, instead of going out as the united voice of the Lowell Operatives, while it wears the Corporation lock and their apologizers hold the keys.

"In looking over the Courier of Wednesday last, we found our name in connection with the Lowell Offering saying that we had never presented an article that had been refused since Miss Farley had been its Editress. Well, as we did not say that we had we do not see any chance for controversy. But we did say (and we hold ourself responsible) that we have written articles for the Offering that have been rejected because they would make the Offering "controversial" and would change its "original design," which was that there is "mind among the spindles."

If any one will take the trouble to look at No. 2, specimen copy, that was published previous to the commencement of Vol. 1, they will find that controversy has not always been studiously avoided, and that the defence made was against O. A. Brownson and not corporation rules, which would change the *propriety* of "controversy" very materially. We preferred no charge against Miss Farley, but spoke respectfully of her, and should not have spoken of her or the Offering, had not Mr. Mellen, of Boston, made an attack upon the operatives of our city, and as an argument in favor of our *excellent* rules, stated that we had the Offering under our control, and had never made one word of complaint through its columns.

We were called upon to state the *original* design of the Offering; and gave it in nearly the same language in which it was expressed in a note by the editor in the No. referred to.

We stated that it had never been an organ through which the abuses of oppressive rules or unreasonable hours might be complained of; but that both exist cannot be denied by the editress—and stranger still it has been admitted by the editor of the Courier. We stated that the number of subscribers to the Offering among the operatives, was very limited; we were authorized to make such an assertion in conversation with Miss Farley a few months ago; and we would not charge her with telling an untruth either directly or *indirectly*, lest we should be deemed *unlady-like.*

We asked the question what kind of an organ of defence would the operatives find with Mr. Schouler for a proprietor and publisher? We repeat that question, and if any one should look for an article in the publisher's columns, they would find something like the following:

"Lowell is the Garden of Eden (except the serpent) the gates thereof are fine gold. The tree of knowledge of *good* is there, but the evil is avoided through the *judicious* management of the superintendents. Females may work nineteen years without fear of injuring their health, or impairing their intellectual and moral powers. They may accumulate large fortunes, marry and educate children, build houses, and buy farms, and all the while be operatives." Thus would the Offering under such a control, and those who are as stupid as Mr. Mellen made himself, *would believe it.*—We have not written this article to evince that there is "mind among the spindles," but to show that the minds here are not *all spindles.*

SARAH G. BAGLEY.

Heavy Bill for Nursing. In the superior court of New York city, Susan Parker has obtained a verdict for $5000 against William Emerson, executor of the late Charles Walker, who died at Concord, N. H., and gave a note for that sum to that plaintiff, his aunt, who nursed him in his last illness.

Water is the cheapest, purest, healthiest, and, to those who habitually use it, the most agreeable of all beverages.

By the two great fires at Quebec *two thirds* of the city is destroyed, 20,000 persons are without a home.

South Boston, July 12, 1845.

Mr Editor:—The Laborers' Union Association established in this City, wishing to have their principles more generally understood, by the Laborers of our country, adopted the following resolutions, with a view of presenting them at the Mass Meeting at Woburn on the 4th, providing other resolutions should be presented at that time.

As none *were* presented at that meeting it was voted at a subsequent meeting of this Association, that those resolutions be published in the 'Voice of Industry,' and that the Corresponding Sec'y. be authorized to transmit the same to the publishers of that paper for that purpose.

1st. *Resolved,* That no day can be more appropriate than that of the Anniversary of our "National Independence," for the industrial class to meet together and review the past without prejudice or passion; that no unworthy motives of "Patriotism," should deter us from a free interchange of thought and opinion upon all matters relating to us as men and citizens.

2d. *Resolved,* That the rights of the industrial classes are not sufficiently understood to enable society to appreciate the advantages to be enjoyed by all its members, from a practical application of those principles clearly set forth in the declaration of the rights of man.

3d. *Resolved,* That in view of the above resolution, we deem it inexpedient, at the present time, to enter into any permanent political organization.

4th. *Resolved,* That the various comunities now in practical operation in various parts of the world, meet our entire approbation, so far as we understand them, inasmuch as we all have the same end in view, viz: the "rights of Man."

5th. *Resolved,* That that as practical Laborers who have not the means or inclination to withdraw from Society, we deem it incumbent on us to use all the means in our power, to ermove *existing evils from the presnt state of Society.*

6th. *Resolved,* That the best means in the judgment of this Association, is the formation of Societies, and a liberal support of talented and public teachers, who have faith in man's capability of self-government, and a concentrated support to some public Journal which will have the moral courage to speak out freely and fearlessly in the cause of suffering *humanity.*

7th. *Resolved,* That we, the members of the Laborers' Union Association, most cheerfully recommend the "Voice of Industry," published at Fitchburg, by an Association of Workingmen, to the support of the Laborers throughout our country, as being best calculated to discuss most freely, and candidly their *wrongs*, and to defend most manfully and successfully, the rights of *all men.*

S. H. Allen, Chairman of Com.
Geo. Robinson, Cor. Sec. L. U. A.

LOOK AT THE TWO PICTURES.

The first is from the Boston Morning Post: look at it and shout "long live a protective tariff," which thus enables princely nabobs to swell there overgrown coffer at the expense of the laboring poor.

"Cotton Factories.—The Merrimac Manufacturing Company has just declared a semi-annual dividend of 10 per cent. and its profits for the last six months having been 13 per cent. A surplus reserved fund is accumulated in spite of its large dividends and large salaries to its officers, which is sufficient to build a very large addition to its productive power. Some years since it made a dividend of one thirds its capital at one dash, and now puts its cash funds to a use that will earn sum 25 or 30 per cent. return annually.

"The Boot Mills Company is found to stand so well, that 25 per cent. advance is freely offered for it and for Suffolks, 40 is asked. Indeed, the new copper mines of Lake Superior can hardly make money so fast as the Lowell factories are now doing."

Then look at this—and exult at the prospect that opens before you, if you can.

"Protection to Home Industry.—The Lowell Patriot says: 'We are informed that the wages of many of the operatives employed in one of the largest woollen corporations in this city have been greatly reduced within a short time past. Hands who have had $1 per day now get 75 cts. and generally the reduction is in that ratio.'

Twenty-five cents reduction! What blessed effect of protection! The hard laboring community will soon fully understand that fat dividends to stockholders afford no surety of just and liberal wages.

"This is a progressive system. As agriculture in New England decays, and the 'populace' become more dependant upon factory wages, there earnings will be reduced until there productions will, indeed, be the result of pauper labor."

James M. Stone, having received an appointment from Ex. Gov. Morton in the Custom House, has left the editorial charge of the "State Sentinel and Reformer," to R. B. Hancock who we are pleased to see, has taken as broad and liberal grounds as his predecessor.

Reward of Merit.—"Sam," said one little urchin to another, "Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any reward of merit?"

"I 'spose he does," was the rejoinder, "he gives me a licking regular every day, and says I merit two!"

Mr. George W. Chase, a young man of experience and ability, (and a workingman as well as ourselves,) is our only travelling agent. We repose implicit confidence in Mr. Chase, and hope our friends and the public generally will reward his labors by immediately subscribing for the *Voice*, assuring them that they will receive their papers regularly. Will the working people sustain their own paper?

Thieving.—A sleeping chamber at the Worcester House was entered on Monday night, and a gold watch and about $ 3 in money stolen therefrom.

The door was locked upon the inside, and the key was turned by means of an instrument made for the purpose. The marks of the instrument were found upon the key, as well as those of three other rooms. "We understand a person is suspected who took lodgings there the night before, and requested to be called in season for the Steam Boat train in the morning; but when called for, he was already gone."—*State Sentinel.*

A Rational Clergyman.—Among the toasts at the Roxbury temperance celebration, we notice the following.

By the Rev. Mr. Sanger of Dover—If what they say of the Clergy is true, they deserve it—if not true it won't hurt them.

We call the attention of the *Sentinel* to the following definition.

Sublime: Too stupid to express one's ideas in intelligible language.

It becomes our unwelcome duty to announce the sudden and unanticipated demise of the Hon. DANIEL WALDO, of this town, on Tuesday night last. He was found dead in his bed on Wednesday morning, and his position when discovered, indicated that he must have been somewhat concious of his situation, and endeavored to rise and make it known. He has left two sisters, who have been his constant companions through life, to mourn his loss. A large vacancy is also created in the circle in which he moved, and his loss will be eventually felt by many of our benevolent institutions, to which he was a constant and generous contributor.—*Sent. and Reformer.*

Postage Change.—The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of dimes and half dimes to be coined at the Philadelphia mint, to meet the exigencies of the new Post Office law.—*State Sentinel.*

A Correspondent of the Daily Times says: "A most melancholy suicide occurred en Concord Mass., on the 7th inst. Miss Martha E. Hunt, daughter of Daniel Hunt, was found drowned in the Concord river. She was Mistress of the 'Derby School' and has been thus occupied some two or three years. She was about 20 years of age. She had gone home as it was supposed, to attend to her ordinary duties, but not returning as usual at night suspicions were aroused, search was made, and she was found in the river about 12 o'clock last evening. She was a very accomplished, and amiable young lady, and her mind had become somewhat overtasked by intense study which is assigned as the unhappy cause of the event." She was highly esteemed by all who knew her.

The Essex Company has decided to fix the location of there new city on the Methuen side of the Merrimack.

The Legislature of New Hampshire adjourned on Thursday the 3d instant, to meet again the last Wednesday of May, 1836.

Gallantry.—The old bachelor of the *Sentinel* talking about the "*gabble of the nervous old maids.*" Should the "*nervous*" old maids have a *target* shoot this fall, we would'nt give much for his *shirt*

Cincinnati, forty years ago, contained only 500 inhabitants—it now has a population of seventy thousand!

Expenses of Monarchy.—The half-pay of the civil and military establishment of Great Britain, is $24,000,000 annually. The royal family receive whole pay for whole idleness—amounting to $7,000,000.

He that will consecrate himself to christian principle and moral right, against expediency and selfishness, must set aside all idea of obtaining a good name among worldly and selfish men, and expect to be shorn of what reputation he may have already gained.

Liberal Bequest.—We learn that the Hon. Daniel Waldo, of Worcester, who died suddenly last week, left by his will to the McLean Asylum, the munificent bequest of $40,000, and to the Massachusetts General Hospital $10,000.

Fortunate Escape.—A Louisville paper states that while the Artillery Companies at Louisville Encampment were firing at the target, a member of the Citizen's Guards, of that city, was sent by the Judges with a flag to stand before the target, while they looked for a ball that was fired by the Louisville Artillery. The Georgetown Company, not seeing the flag on account of the smoke, fired their piece. The ball struck within three feet of him, and covered him with dust from head to foot. The distance was three fourths of a mile.

NOTICE.

THE LABORERS' UNION ASSOCIATION, at South Boston, holds its regular meetings every Thursday Evening, at the "Bank Hall," on 4th street, near the "South free bridge," and all who feel interested in the welfare of the producing classes, are cordially invited to attend.

The Library, is open every Saturday Evening for the delivery of books.

Subscriptions to the Library $2,00 a year, for Gentlemen, one dollar, for Ladies. A relief fund is also attached to the Association, for relief of sick and destitute members.

MARRIAGES.

At Exeter, July 1, James Bursiel, to Miss Laura J. Nason, both of Manchester.

In Nashville, on the 10th inst., by Rev. D. D. Pratt, Mr. Augustus Bowers, to Miss Mary Morrill, both of Nashua.

In Amherst, Stephen C. Langdell, to Miss Louisa B. Averill.

DEATHS.

In this town, July 12th 1845 Mrs. Elisabeth, wife of Mr. Lorenzo Allen, formerly of Brattleboro Vt. aged 28 years.

Mrs. A. has during her long and distressing illness, manifested a christian resignation. She has left an affectionate companion, two children, and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss. Her remains were carried to Brattleboro, and interred last Sabbath.

In this town, June 28th, Lorana, daughter of Elisha Carter, aged 27 years.

July 8th, Edward B. son of Benjamin D. Leverett, aged 3 years.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.
MOFFAT'S
VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS
AND
PHŒNIX BITTERS.

The high and envied celebrity which these pre-eminent Medicines have acquired for their invariable efficacy in all the diseases which they profess to cure, has rendered the usual practice of puffing not only unnecessary, but unworthy of them. They are known by their fruits; their good works testify for them, and they thrive not by the faith of the credulous.

IN ALL CASES

OF ASTHMA, ACUTE and CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, AFFECTIONS of the BLADDER and KIDNEYS,
BILIOUS FEVERS & LIVER COMPLAINTS.—In the south and west, where these diseases prevail, they will be found invaluable. Planters, farmers, and others, who once use these Medicines, will never afterwards be without them.
BILIOUS CHOLIC, and SEROUS Looseness, BILES, COSTIVENESS, COLDS & COUGHS, CHOLIC, CONSUMPTION. Used with great success in this disease.
CORRUPT HUMORS, DROPSIES,
DYSPEPSIA. No person with this distressing disease, should delay using these medicines immediately.
ERUPTIONS of the Skin, ERYSIPELAS, FLATULENCY,
FEVER and AGUE. For this scourge of the western country these medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy. Other medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these medicines is permanent.—TRY THEM, BE SATISFIED, AND BE CURED.
FOULNESS of COMPLEXION,
GENERAL DEBILITY,
GOUT, GIDDINESS, GRAVEL, HEADACHES, of every kind, INWARD FEVER, INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM, IMPURE BLOOD, JAUNDICE, LOSS of APPETITE,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
LEPROSY, LOOSENESS,
MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Never fails to eradicate entirely all the effects of Mercury infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparation of Sarsaparilla.
NIGHT SWEATS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, NERVOUS COMPLAINTS of all kinds, ORGANIC AFFECTIONS, PALPITATION of the HEART, PAINTER'S CHOLIC,
PILES. The original proprietor of these medicines was cured of Piles of 35 years standing by the use of these Life Medicines alone.
PAINS in the head, side, back, limbs, joints and organs.
RHEUMATISM. Those afflicted with this terrible disease, will be sure of relief by the Life Medicines.
RUSH of BLOOD to the HEAD, SCURVY, SALTRHEUM, SWELLINGS,
SCROFULA, or KING'S EVIL, in its worst forms, ULCERS, of every description,
WORMS, of all kinds, are effectually expelled by these Medicines. Parents will do well to administer them whenever their existence is suspected. Relief will be certain.

THE LIFE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS
PURIFY THE BLOOD,
And thus remove all disease from the system.

A single trial will place the LIFE PILLS and PHŒNIX BITTERS beyond the reach of competition in the estimation of every patient.

The genuine of these medicines are now put up in white wrappers and labels, together with a pamphlet, called "Moffat's Good Samaritan," containing the directions, &c., on which is a drawing of Broadway from Wall street to our Office, by which strangers visiting the city can very easily find us. The wrappers and Samaritans are copyrighted, therefore those who procure them with white wrappers can be assured that they are genuine. Be careful, and do not buy those with *yellow* wrappers; but if you do, be satisfied that they come direct from us, or dont touch them.

☞ Prepared and sold by
DR. WILLIAM B. MOFFAT,
335 Broadway, corner of Anthony street, New York.
For Sale by
S. & C. Shepley, Booksellers, Fitchburg, Mass.

Something New.

A FEW doors west of the *New Hotel*, near the RAIL ROAD DEPOT, at the Sign of the big PANTS, is situated the Fitchburg
CLOTHING WARE HOUSE,
where may be found in great abundance the following articles, viz:
SUMMER CLOTHING, OF ALL KINDS.
Also—DRESS COATS and a great variety of thick PANTALOONS of super Doeskin Blue Black Cassimeres and Statinetts.
BOOTS of all descriptions, Sizes and Prices. A large assortment of Ladies' Misses' and Childrens SHOES.
Also—an extensive assortment of
PAPER HANGINGS,
at prices which cannot fail to suit.
Paper and Transparent Window Curtains, this day received, together with a very large assortment of OIL CLOTH CURTAINS, at prices adapted to every one who may wish for the article.
W. HINDS.
Fitchburg, June, 1845. 5tf

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE. The subscribers have formed a Copartnership under the firm of HAYWARD & BACON; and have taken the store recently occupied by the late firm of Hayward & Brooks, where they intend to keep a large assortment of fashionable BOOTS & SHOES, of every description which will be sold low for cash,—wholesale and retail, No. 4 Merchants Row.
HORACE HAYWARD,
RANSELLEAR BACON.

SCHOOL RECORD.—S. & C. SHEPLEY, Fitchburg, have published and offer for sale a School Record for the use of teachers. Provisions are made in the record for entering the name of each scholar, and the presence, absence, or tardiness for each half day. Also, the character of his recitations and deportment.
Fitchburg, May 1845. n1tf

NOTICE. The copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of Hayward & Brooks, is this day by mutual consent dissolved.
All Notes and Accounts due the late firm, will be settled by Horace Hayward, and all demands, due by said firm, will be adjusted by said Horace Hayward, at the Old stand No. 4, Merchants Row.
HORACE HAYWARD.
SILAS P. BROOKS.

POETRY.

MORN.

How beautiful is morn!
When from her downy pillow peeping
At the world beneath her sleeping,
Her ruddy blush reflected lingers
On the tissuey veils of gold,
The georgeous work of Peri's fingers,
That gracefully her form enfold
From the laverock's daring sight,
The laureate of morn!

How beautiful is morn!
When in her garb of roseate hue,
Richly gemm'd with glittering dew,
She sees the field of light advances,
While laughing nymphs around her play,
Welcoming with glad songs and dances,
The all-resplendent orb of day,
At his approach they fade from sight,
Enveloped in a silvery light,
The peerless robe of morn!

A Modern "Marriage of Convenience."—An Eastern correspondent, in a gossiping epistle to the Editor, gives us this little episode in his personal history. It is quite too graphic and feiticious to be lost to the public. We therefore take a liberty with our friend, which we have taken before, (and with impunity,) in presenting the annexed passage to our readers, trusting to his kindness to excuse or pardon our temerity. The writer has been alluding to the charming poem in the Knickerbocker for May, from the pen of Albert Pike, Esq. which he warmly commends as 'portraying feelings, how sweet, how common in the history of all,' but to him existing only in the past:

'In truth my dear Sir, although I am of a very amorous nature, and have been more or less of a beau to a great many of the 'fair sect,' from the *literateuse* darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,' to the simpering Miss, innocent alike of grammer and sense, I have ever experienced the emotion of love in its genuine presence and overmastering power. Something, whether accident or fate, has always stopped me when midway on the road to rapture or to ruin. I have never met, at least have never intimately known, any lady whom I could love with a full and perfect love. In my striplinghood I frittered away a good deal of affection very superfluously on chancecomers; and in my adult or adulterated state I have always been too axacting. My love of freedom has always cooled my longing for connubial bliss. In all my 'love passages,' therefore, whether the smitten, or, as I sometimes vainly thought, the *smiter*, I never was near the matrimonial entanglement but once: when I had become very intimate with a romantic and beautiful young lady, and, led on by tempting opportunities, intimated a good deal more than I intended. I did not *fully* love her, for two reasons; one, that she did not seem to have independence of mind, enough to scorn the world's opinion and be content to die an 'old maid' rather than marry one whom she could not truly love; the second, that although an accomplished *musicienne* and dancer, and very well read in poetic and novelistic learning, she yet had not a large expanded mind, and moreover occasionally broke Murray's commandments—with me, the 'unpardonable sin' and for which I would apply for a divorce from Queen Cleopatra. However, being a great talker, with rafts of nonsense, reams of poetry, and rivers of sentiment at my tongue's end, I succeeded almost unintentionally on four or five moon-light evenings ('the devil's in the moon for mischief,' says Byron,) in drawing fully forth the unoccupied affections of her virgin heart. Here was a 'pretty fix!' she was a charming girl to be with on endearing terms; yet my love was of the *quasi*, dubious sort. I had said more than I intended, and obtained a 'counter-sign' sooner than I wished. I could not retreat, and dreaded to proceed! But I did the the honorable,' proposed, and was accepted. Then there were tender meetings: my tenderness, however, diminished as hers increased, and I was compelled to make up for the want of substance by an excess of show. Then came the presentation of my 'promissory note' to the father; but the old fellow refused to 'endorse.' He was a thoro' skin-flint, 'who believed in no Bible but his ledger, and worshiped no God but his gold.' He considered me a thriftless, unproductive youth, pretty fair with the tongue and pen, but not likely to raise potatoes, or 'make the pot boil.' This rejection by the old 'cent. per cent.' mortified my pride, but dispersed partially my embarrassment. I considered it, however, my duty to the young lady to make all sorts of fervent propositions, except that of running away, which I never mentioned for fear she should accept it. After about eighteen months of this seige, half-sham, half-earnest, I heard that an old fellow, a widower, with two hundred thousand dollars, three children, and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds in the dog-days, was storming the fortress. The entreaties and threats of her father brought about a capitulation. On going to see her again, I drew from her the fact of the engagement. I became furiously angry: she was reserved, calm, and proud. After about an hour, my mortification subsiding, I pitied the victim. I asked for some music. She played two or three airs on the piano; 'Oh! give me back my heart again,' and a later song, which I forget, but even more exquisite and deeply moving. I rose to take my leave. She extended her hand, and then withdrew it. She asked me to sit down. 'She wanted so much to tell me something.' I sat down. She turned away her face, and said nothing for a long time. I was inexpressibly moved. At last she said, with steadfast face but trembling tones, 'I can't say it! We'd better part.' She came toward me, holding out her hand. I kissed it, still sitting; when, as if by a sudden and uncontrollable impulse, she threw herself in my lap, her arms round my neck, and her face on my shoulder. She spoke not, wept not. But I was unnerved, unarmed. I cried like a child. A thousand feelings rushed upon me, melting, overwhelming. Compassion for her distress; remorse for something of insincerity, I might almost say scoundrelism, on my part; and a sense of the value of a woman's heart, and the sweets of domestic felicity, to me, it was probable, forever lost. I eagerly proposed a runaway-match—any thing, every thing, rather than she should thus sacrifice herself to the 'man-mountain.' Her answer was a silent and repeated pressure of my lips with hers, and the resting of her soft 'peachy' cheek on mine. At last her better principles came to her aid. She was both bound and able to bear it, why then she would die. 'That was all.' She put on my finger a plain ring, requesting me to wear it till my death, which I shall do. She refused mine. I should be in her thoughts too much, she said, after her marriage, and she would wish to deaden, not freshen the remembrance. Suddenly there was a wild, roving light in her eye. She pressed both hands on her throbbing temples, whispering 'My God! My God! what shall I do!' I was horror-stricken; for I believed that reason was reeling on her throne. But soon and most fortunately for her relief and mine,

> 'The tears gushed forth from her o'er clouded brain,
> Like mountain-mists, at length dissolved in rain.'

I spared no act of endearment nor word of consolation, till the paroxysm of passion was over, and then we shook farewell hands, silently. A fortnight after, I attended her wedding. I was somewhat agitated, and occasionally *distrait*, but masked it very well. As for the bride, she was so exceedingly gay, that that most thought her a heartless or a childish thing, who had sold herself for gewgaws, and I myself could almost have sworn that the scene of two weeks earlier in the same apartment was a piece of consummate acting. She is now thirty, the mother of four thumping boys, and her beauty entirely broken. When I meet her, instead of the quick suffusion of joy, that once brightened her countenance and sparkled in her eyes, she gives a cold and furtive glance; instead of 'Oh! I'm *so* glad to see you, P——!' it is 'How do you do, Mr B——?'

Our friend should long ere this have taken the same means to bring about forgetfulness of the past that the lady in question did. But we quite despair of him. For what does he say? 'Marry this' 'I have a prophetic knowledge, a knowledge to which experience itself could add no vividness, of the miserable, fretful, regretful, wearisome, withering barrenness of a bathelors' old age; an existence 'loveless, joyless, unendeared.' But when I am disposed to look discontentedly at the present or the future I console myself with the reflection that I am not in the region of *henpeckdom;* nor am I pestered by infantine squallings, or filial ingratitude, or family discomfort or disgrace.' Ah, ha! Is it *there* you are? You've been reading Mrs Caudle's Lectures, Sir! That unhappy midnight Xantippe has frightened away from the very door of matrimony countless multitudes of old bachelors, who had well nigh 'screwed their courage to the sticking-place.' She has much to answer for!—*Knickerbocker for July.*

PARODY ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The Salisbury (N. C.) Watchman tells a story of a tavern keeper, who having grown rich grew very careless; and so offended the lawyers by whom his house had for years been filled, that, during one crowded session of the court, they with one accord forsook him leaving him the following parody on the Declaration of Independence;

"When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a half-fed, imposed-on set of men, to dissolve the band of landlord and boarder, a decent respect for the opinion of mankind requires that should declare the causes which have impelled them to the seperation.

We hold these truths to be self evident; that all men are created with stomachs; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; among which are that no man should be compelled to starve, out of mere compliance to a landlord, and that every man has a right to fill his stomach and wet his whistle with the best that's going.

The history of the present landlord of the White Lion, is a history of repeated insults, exactions and injuries, all having in direct object the establishment of absolute tyranny over our stomachs and throats.

To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused to keep anything to drink but bald-face whiskey.

He has refused to set upon his table for dinner anything but turnip-soup, with a little tough beef and sour crout, which are not wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has refused to let his only servant, blink-eyed Joe, put more than six grains of coffee in one gallon of water.

He has turned loose a multitude of musquitoes to assail us in the peaceful hours of the night and eat our substance.

He has kept up in our beds and bedsteads standing armies of merciless savages whose rule of warfare is undistinguished destruction.

He has excited domestic insurrection among us by taking bitters before breakfast, and making his wife and servants do the same before dinner, whereby there is often the very deuce to pay.

He has waged cruel war against nature herself, by feeding our horses with broom-straw, and carrying them off to drink where swine refused to wallow.

He has protected one-eyed Joe in his villany in the robbery of our jugs, by pretending to give him a mock trial, after sharing with him the spoil.

He has cut off our trade with foreign ports and brought his own bald-faced whiskey, when we had sent him to buy better liquor abroad; and with a perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, he has been known to drink our foreign spirits, and fill up our bottles with his own dire potions.

He imposed taxes upon us to an enormous amount without our consent and without any rule but his own arbitrary will and pleasure.

A landlord whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant and a master, unfit to keep a boarding house for Cherokee Indians.

Nor have we been waiting in our attentions to Mrs. B. and Sally. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, but they have been deaf to the voice of justice; we are therefore, constrained to hold all three of the parties alike inimical to our well being and regardless of our comfort.

We therfore make this solemn declaration of our final separation from our landlord, and cast our defiance in his teeth."

At a recent town meeting, in Newburyport, a funny old citizen made the following remarks touching the dog law:

"Mr. Speaker: I am opposed to all such oppressive edicts. One Shylock hath said—

'You take my house, when you take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.'

I have but little, 'tis true but I want that little guarded, which my dog does faithfully. When business is dull—money scarce, and wood high I have to keep my children a-bed to prevent their freezing—the dog lays at the foot, and keeps their little feet warm as a pug! and one day last week, Bose came home with a good tin-kettle tied to his tail—which we were very thankful for—as ours was most worn out;—and who knows but the next time he will bring the spit and skewers—perhaps a loin of veal!"

An hour's industy will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humor, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's moaning.

A BOOK FOR EVERY FAMILY!

Which can be mailed at Periodical Postage to any part of the United States.

SEARS' PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

A Beautifully illustrated Volume—purely American in its character and design, forming a large and handsome octavo of between four and five hundred pages; with several hundred engravings. All Postmasters are hereby authorized to act as Agents. Price $1,50 in fancy paper covers.

Three Dollars (remitted free of postage) will pay for two copies of the entire work: and in order to facilitate remittances from post-towns, the publisher will send, any persons disposed to club, five complete copies for seven dollars; and ten for twelve dollars, the money to be in as current funds as possible, and sent, post paid in advance.

The title of the work is as follows:

The Pictorial History,

OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION;

With an account of the Early History of the country, the Constitution of the United States, and a Chronological Index; Illustrated with several hundred Engravings!

IT is the determination of the publisher to spare neither pains nor expense to make this work perfectly accessible to every family throughout the entire country. It will be one of the most attractive and cheapest ever presented to the American people. The preparation of the work has been attended with great labor and expense.—History requires a distant eminence, from which to take an impartial view of the character of the transactions which submit themselves to the recording pen: but more than half a century has now elapsed since the colonists first asserted their independence: And the generation, whose arduous struggles achieved so glorious a result, has passed away to the silent tomb.

Through the whole work, the editor has aimed to do justice without asperity; to applaud patriotism, but not to justify its excesses; to condemn tyranny, but not to overlook the virtues of many of its instruments; and to exhibit the kindly prospect of the future more strongly than the irritating aspect of the past. The great interest that the bare mention of such a work is calculated to excite, has encouraged the editor to make it every way worthy of a liberal patronage. An extensive sale can only enable the publisher to offer it at the low price proposed. Postmasters and others wishing to act as agents will receive all necessary information, by addressing post paid,

ROBERT SEARS,
128 Nassau street, New York.

An edition will also be bound up in muslin, gilt. Price two dollars.

Two Valuable Publications for three dollars. Sears' beautiful Pictorial Family Magazine for one year, and the above work completed, will be furnished for Three Dollars, remitted in New York or Eastern funds, free of postage through the postmasters.

BANK NOTE TABLE.

The bills of all the Banks in the New England States which are in good credit, are received at par on deposit by the following Banks, viz:—Atlas, Atlantic, Boston, Eagle, Freeman's Globe, Mechanics', Hamilton, Market, Merchants', North, State, Suffolk, Shoe and Leather Dealers', Shawmut, Tremont, Traders', Union, and Washington.

The Suffolk Bank transacts all the business relating to country banks, for the above named banks.

Bills of Claremont Bank, N. H., are not received at the Suffolk Bank.

Counterfeit $1, $2 and $3, on many of the New England Banks are in circulation—Perkins stereotype plate.

Maine.

Agricultural at Brewer	worthless.
Bangor Commercial	2 a per ct. dis.
Bank of Portland (closed.)	1 a do. do.
Bangor (old)	worthless.
Bath (charter expired)	redeemed.
Castine	worthless.
Citizen's at Augusta, new plate	do.
Calais	5 a 7 per ct. dis.
City Bank, Portland	
Damariscotta	worthless.
Frankfort Bank, Frankfort,	do
Globe, at Bangor,	do.
Georgia Lumber Co., at Portland	do.
Hallowell and Augusta	do.
Kennebec	do.
Kennebunk	do.
Lafayette, at Bangor	3 a per ct dis.
Maine, Portland, (closed)	2 a 3 do. do.
Mercantile, at Bangor	2 a 4 do. do.
Oldtown Bank	worthless.
Oxford, Fryburg (fraud)	do.
Passamaquoddy	do.
People's	do.
Stillwater Canal, at Orono	do.
Saco	redeemed by Trustees at Saco.
St. Croix, at Calais	25 per ct dis.
Washington County, at Calais	worthless.
Westbrook	1 a 2 per ct dis.
Waterville, closed	redeemed.
Wiscasset	worthless.

New Hampshire.

Claremont	closing—redeemed—3 a 5 per ct dis.
Concord	3 a 5 do. do.
Farmers', Amherst (closed)	redeemed.
Hillsborough	worthless.
N. Hampshire, Portsmouth (charter ex.)	redeemed.
New Hampshire Union (closed)	redeemed.
New Hampshire (closed)	do.
Wolfborough	worthless.
Grafton	3 a 5 per ct dis.

Vermont.

Agricultural, Troy	fraud.
Bennington	worthless.
Commercial Bank of Vermont	fraud.
Essex, Guildhall	worthless.
Green Mountain	fraud— do.
Jefferson County	fraud— do.
St. Albans	2 a per ct dis.

Massachusetts.

Amherst (charter surrendered)	redeemed.
Berkshire	worthless.
Charlestown Bank—charter surrendered—	redeemed at Suffolk
Chelsca	closed
Commonwealth, Boston	closed.
Cohannet, Taunton	closed—redeemed.
Citizens', Nantucket	do. do.
Essex, North Andover	do. do.
East Bridgewater—charter surrendered—	redeemed.
Essex, Salem	worthless.
Farmer's & Mechanics', South Adams	do.
Farmers', Belchertown	do.
Franklin, South Boston	do.
Fulton, or Winnisimmet, Boston	do.
General Interest Bank, Salem	closed—redeemed.
Hampshire, Northhampton	worthless.
Ipswich Bank, Ipswich	closed—redeemed.
Kilby, Boston	closed—worthless.
Lafayette, South Boston	do.
Mendon	closed— do.
Middlesex, Cambridge—redeemed—	3 a per ct dis
Middling Interest, Boston	20 a 30 do.
Nahant Bank	closed
Newburyport	closed—worthless
Norfolk, Roxbury	do.
Phœnix, Charlestown	40 a 50 per ct dis.
Phœnix, Nantucket	worthless.
Roxbury, Bank Roxbury	do.
Sutton	do.
Winthrop	gone into liquidation—redeemed.

Rhode Island.

Burillsville	worthless.
Eagle, Newport	do.
Farmers'	do.
Farmers' & Mechanics'	75 a 80 per ct dis.
Franklin, Providence	fraud—worthless.
Mount Hope	closed—redeemed.
Agricultural, Johnston	closed—20 per ct dis.
Pascoag	5 a 7 do. do.
Providence County	5 a do. do.

Connecticut.

Bridgeport Manufacturing Co.	fraud—worthless.
Derby	do.
Eagle	do.
Houstonic Railroad Company	10 a 15 per ct dis.

New York.

New York City	1 a 4 per ct dis.
Old Safety Fund, good banks	1 do. do.

United States Bank Bills.

Old and new	30 a 35 do. do.
Nova Scotia Bills	8 a 9 do. do.
New Brunswick Bills	5 a 7 do. do.

SATURDAY VISITOR.

J. E. SNODGRASS,—Editor.
Publication Office, No. 5 North Sreet, Baltimore.

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1 copy, for one year, in advance,	$1,50
1 " eight months,	1,00
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Any person obtaining ten subscribers, and remitting $10 free of postage, shall receive as a Handsome premium, a copy of Graham's Magazine, or the Lady's Book, or Lady's Companion, a whole year, begining with any number he pleases. The price of each of these elegant illustrated works is Three Dollars; which makes our offer extremely liberal, and presents a rare chance for postmasters and enterprising young men.

DELAYED PAYMENTS.

If delayed at all	$2,00
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If " six months	2,50
If " nine months	2,75
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For subscriptions whose payment may be delayed to intermediate periods, the charge will be in like proportion.

For all fractions of years where papers are discontinued, the charge will be at the rate of twenty-five cents per month.

REMOVAL.—DR. ADAMS, SURGEON DENTIST, has taken rooms at No. 12, Snow's Brick Block, where he will be happy to wait upon all those who are in need of his services. He would also tender his sincere thanks to those who have bestowed upon him their favors, hoping he shall merit a continuation of the same.

Teeth examined gratis, at the sign of the Golden Tooth.

☞ All operations warranted to be equal to any by whomsoever performed.

Fitchburg, May, 1845. n1tf.

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NEW BOOKS.—S. & C. SHEPLEY, have just received from New York Trade Sale and other sources, a large quantity of School, Standard and Miscellaneous Books, which will be sold as low as at any other Book Store in Worcester County.

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FOR 1845.

PROSPECTUS FOR VOL. VII.

OF THE

American Phrenological Journal.

To reform and perfect man—to bring out by culture the original beauties and capabilities of his nature, are objects the most exalted that can possibly engross humanity. But, to do this either effectually or correctly, that nature must be known, and as Phrenology is the science of human nature, and especially of man's intellectual and moral constitution, it evolves all the elementary principles of his nature—thereby embodying all the laws of his being, all the conditions of happiness, and all the causes of all his sufferings, as well as of all the evils that afflict society; and all this so plain that "he that runs may read," and so beautifully as to excite our highest admiration. It also furnishes the only true test and touch-stone by which to try every doctrine and practice of the age, and, indeed, of all past and all coming time—every theory of society, every question of ethics, of morals, of logic, of equity, and even of religious creeds and practices; for, by developing fully and clearly the primitive nature and constitution of man, and that in all its ramifications, it arranges, before the tribunal of that nature, every thing appertaining to man, approving whatever harmonizes with it, but condemning whatever conflicts therewith.

The accompanying numbers of this periodical, as well as its three last volumes, will serve as samples of its future course, excepting that the following important departments wtll be added.

1st. That of Physiology. Though, for several years, the Journal has contained more or less physiological fact and information, yet its space has been too much occupied otherwise to give that full attention to the exposition and enforcing of the laws of animal life, including the value of health and the means of regaining and preserving it, which their importance demands. To know and obey these laws, lies at the basis of all human improvement and happiness; for, be it remembered, that life and health depend thereon, and on them depend all our pleasures, whether mental or physical. Even intellectual attainments and moral progression must be accompanied by physiological, especially cerebral, improvement. The connexion of Physiology with mentality—the different states of body as inducing their corresponding states of mind—have been almost completely overlooked, even by Physiologists themselves.—Our talents, our virtues, our vices, our mental and moral progression, depend more upon what, how, and when, we eat, drink, sleep, labor, bathe, &c.—upon our physical habits and physiological condition—than most people suppose. The plain fact is, few people know how to eat! or sleep! or breathe! or live! If they did, sickness would be unknown, and sin comparatively banished from our world. Those physiological conditions, therefore, which affect mind and morals, will be freely discussed in this volume.

2nd. That of Animal Magnetism, or the vital principle. So indissolubly is this science connected with both Phrenology and Physiology, that neither should ever be pursued without the other. At least, every student of the lattet sciences who prosecutes his investigations unguided by the light of this new star of human science, but gropes his way in comparative darkness. Surprisingly beautiful and philosophical, as well as rich in lessons of health and happiness, are the discoveries evolved by applying magnetism to phrenological and physiological investigations. And surely, as a remedial agent, this application exceeds, and will eventually supersede, all others. Aware of no work or periodical which covers this most interesting, most important field of human inquiry, the Editor intends to occupy it, at least, partially, in this volume.

3d. A department devoted to woman. To improve her, is to benefit the human race, whilst her degeneracy deteriorates it. Female education—nearly every thing appertaining to her—is now effecting her ruin as fast as the rapid flight of time will allow. Long enough has her vanity been inflated with the gaudy, the artificial, and the fashionable. Too long already, have her exquisite sensibilities been preverted, and the beauties and graces of her nature been converted either into play-things—mere toys for man to sport with—or else prostituted at the shrine of the worst of human passions. Infinitely more perfect, more prolific than any thing ever yet beheld by mortals, are the natural charms and beauties of the female character. But, they have yet to be brought out. To do this effectually, her nature and capabilities must be known—These, her Phrenology and Physiology will reveal; in doing which they will also disclose her true sphere, and her consequent duties. To this eventful subject—and none can be more prolific of good to man—will a portion of this volume be dedicated. Nor will mothers, in their distinctive relations as mothers, be neglected.

Those at all acquainted with the Editor's style of writing or lecturing, will readily comprehend his manner of treating these and other subjects that come appropriately within the wide range of phrenological, physiological and magnetic science. Our field is indeed the world. Not only is it already ripe for the harvest, but it is becoming corrupted and all overgrown with the tares of uncleanness and the thistle of sin. To receive the good into vessels, will be the object of every successive number of this work. Those, therefore, who drop tears of sorrow over fallen humanity, or who would lend a helping hand to its restoration, may perhaps do good as effectually by circulating this work as in any other way; for its pages will embody both the seeds and the crop of all reform. Human improvement and happiness are designed to be inscribed on its page, its every line.

Nor, in this long line of subjects, will the practical department of phrenological science—its principles, its facts, its philosophy, or information requisite for furthering the progress of amateurs, be neglected.

And since nothing—neither the acquisition of any species of knowledge, nor the possession of any form or degree of wealth, or honor, or any possession whatever—can as effectually benefit, or as deeply interest, every member of the human family, as will that knowledge of our nature imparted by Phrenology, which renders it the science for "the million;" and since it is proper and desirable that a monthly Journal, devoted to this science, should be accessible to all—to the poor as well as to the rich, to the illiterate, as well as to the scientific—this Journal will be furnished on the following extremely low

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Address subscriptions to O. S. FOWLER, Editor and Proprietor, 131 Nassau st., New York.

BOOK STORE AND BINDERY.—E. F. BAILEY, would give notice to the inhabitants of Fitchburg and vicinity, that he has taken the Stand formerly occupied by P. A. Crocker, and now offers for sale a general assortment of School and Miscellaneous Books, and Stationery. Blank Books manufactured to order, and kept constantly on hand and for sale.

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